

HAUTE DISH

Spring 2015

THE ARTS AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE
OF METROPOLITAN STATE UNIVERSITY

VOLUME 11 ■ ISSUE 1

Well,

Here it is again, the latest issue of Haute Dish – always free, always... um... splendiferous? Yeah, that!

We have long been impressed by Metro students' breadth and depth of creative expression, and this issue is no exception. Of course, considering the diversity of our student body, that is unlikely to change any time soon. But just in case, here are a few ways in which you writers and artists can make the best of your time here. First, The Metropolitan, our monthly newspaper, is always looking for story leads. Two, check out The Writer's Think Tank, a forum in which to share your work and/or offer constructive criticism to others. And thirdly, we at Haute Dish live for your submissions, so send them! I encourage those of you interested to get involved, and get heard (or seen)! You can find info on these organizations and more at Metro's OrgSync website, and how to submit to Haute Dish on the back cover of this magazine.

Thank you to the Haute Dish team for making this happen. Thanks to Sarah Nichols for offering us your most excellent design abilities. And finally, thanks to adviser Mary Ringstad for your expertise and undying enthusiasm.

Now Enjoy!
Nick Vittum
Managing Editor

Published three times a year, Haute Dish is dedicated to showcasing the literary and artistic talent of the students of Metropolitan State University in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Student work is published in Spring and Fall; Summer issue is open to students, staff, faculty and alumni.

Like us on Facebook at [facebook.com/hautedishofmetrostate](https://www.facebook.com/hautedishofmetrostate).

CALL FOR ENTRIES - SUMMER 2015

Now accepting submissions from students, staff, faculty and alumni of Metropolitan State University for our Summer 2015 issue. Submit your prose, poetry, B/W photography and B/W illustration.

For submission instructions and details about our selection process, visit hautedish.metrostate.edu

Questions? Email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu

Submissions deadline for Summer 2015 issue is April 5, 2015

Want to join the Haute Dish staff?

Graduation is an achievement but means we need to find more students interested in working on the magazine. Contact Nick Vittum at hautedish@metrostate.edu

All copyrights are retained by individual artists and authors. Any unauthorized reprint or use of the material is strictly prohibited. *Haute Dish* is a publication of Metropolitan State University and is made possible in part by student activity fees.

HAUTE DISH STAFF

MANAGING EDITOR
Nick Vittum

BUSINESS MANAGER
Amber Newman

WEB EDITOR
Levi King

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Paula Nicholson

DESIGN/LAYOUT
Sarah Nichols

FACULTY ADVISOR
Mary Ringstad

EDITORS
laura brodie
Nick Vittum
Scott Olson
Brandt Schubbe

Alyssa Kuglin
Stephanie Smith
Paula Nicholson
Mary Mackey

Deborah Dathe
Stephanie Grill
Carol Shikany

CONTENTS

4	3:35 A.M. Jim Vilendrer
5	A LIFE PAST Myk Dillon
6	VERTIGO Mandy Cassler
7	BEFORE WORK Stephanie Smith
8	WHAT WON'T LAST Jamie Haddox
9	BRIDGE Jacquelynn Mays
10	ELEGY TO JOANNA laura brodie
14	PRANA Amber Newman
15	HOME Mohamud Isaq
16	MID-DAY EXCURSION Debby Dathe
16	YIELDING DEVELOPMENTS Wendy Stokes
17	THE TIES THAT BIND laura brodie
17	AFTER SHE LEFT Jamie Haddox
18	MOTHER EARTH BREATHES Lauren Silha
19	LITTLE Amber Newman
20	KIDDUSH: BLESSINGS OVERFLOW Aarah Aizman
21	HE AIN'T HEAVY Zach Jansen
26	SHA-WOMAN Heather Digolo
27	THE LUNCH COUNTER Sarah Fjellanger
28	THE WANDERER Sarah Fjellanger
29	AUTOBIOGRAPHY Debby Dathe
30	THE WITCHING HOUR Ben Guindon
31	DAWN FROM THE PEAK OF KILIMANJARO Jennifer Yaucher
32	JUST HORSIN' AROUND Stephanie Grill
33	AN UNEXPECTED SAVIOR Clara Waddell

3:35 a.m.

Jim Vilendrer

You could not see the tomatoes or day lilies from
the rented hospital bed only
bright maple leaves in the afternoon sun

Your trust of the water made you a master
lifeguard. That call to dive was the sea-test
of a swimmer's faith, no holy oxygen
tank but scriptural depth charts for guides

The surface you said was for the dead;
diving, you saw so many you met before,
too many to count
sinking, you met family, friends and flock

Your praises just gasps,
a carved oak cross in your hand.
shit ointment bulbous feet chin swollen,
that last terrible dive: wet lungs and fierce rales
as you rose in the early morning deep

A Life Past

Myk Dillon

I know there is something wrong. I know that
whatever it is has shadowed my movement
and been so close it could whisper things into
my ear. I hear them sometimes but sometimes
not. The words come off as a crackle, a faint
spike of recognition, then like a word that falls
from the tip of your tongue back into your
throat it's lost.

The highway is beautiful in the morning, the
sunlight forcing through the trees reaching
out for something on the other side. It's a
peaceful drive. Most people are still waking
up, their coffee makers buzzing and the kids
watching Saturday morning cartoons. This is
the point when I feel most at peace.

Today is different though. Today I am not
alone on the highway. I can hear it like a train
getting closer, the Doppler Effect. A black car
is speeding up from behind going nearly 100
miles per hour. The music is pumping and
shaking. The car slows and gets right up to
my bumper. I adjust my mirror for a better
look. Before I can focus, the car whips into
the left lane and speeds up beside me. For
one moment our eyes lock and I see inside
of him, and he inside of me. The angst, the
impatience, the recklessness is set behind
those stubborn eyes. He couldn't be more
than 16 and he is already on a path of ruin.

I mouth the words "slow down" but he just
looks at me with indifference.

The minute I look away, he is gone, racing
ahead fast as he came. The music fades past
the trees and into the surrounding hills. I try
to come to terms with this encounter, but it
gnaws at me. It bites deep within my chest
and the wound is already festering. Why
wouldn't he slow down? Why couldn't he see?
I have to catch him, I have to save him.

I force the peddle closer to the floor and the
needle slowly moves to the right. Before I can
even wonder if I will see him again the tail
of the car comes into view. I pull up next to
him, look to my left and he is already looking
back at me but something has changed. His
eyes are no longer hard with defiance, they
are confused and shaken. The music has
stopped and he is different, but he still won't
slow down. I ask, no I beg him "Please, slow
down". Then it happens, he mouths the
words, "I can't". And again he is gone.

I know there is something wrong. It has
shadowed me for some time now. It haunts
me like a past life that keeps racing up from
behind.



Vertigo Mandy Cassler

Before Work

Stephanie Smith

I open my eyes.
the room remains the same
and the hum of the house
is sincere;
the dog's
heavy sighing chugging through his nose—
 humbles
 me

I contort my body through the sheets nimbly
but like me—startle-driven—
he wakes like a pistol.

into the shower I step

 naked

my body a temple of skin and curve
water drips over sex and sanctity
all intent to keep it sacred
while concupiscent;

then,
to the mirror I look doe-eyed,
zen-like, I practice non-judgement:

I am honey-blonde, long-haired, wavy
I am cornmeal blue-eyed
stark cheek bones complete the portrait
I am filled with kindness filled with guilt filled with complications of
then and now mostly relying on pure intuition to find my niche

thoughts crowd
and words
sl
 i

 p
struggle
from my mouth

but I am articulate, yet I am timid;

false modesty ruins my ambition
I am constantly lacking in nerve

judgement clouds meditation
 stillborn

I am left—scowling at the mirror—
brushing my teeth,
whimpering to the Godhead.

What Won't Last

Jamie Haddox

Dagger words:

Rhetorical questions lined up
like a funeral precession, heading
home.

He knows that feather words,
once caught in his web,
can be spun into sustenance, as quickly
as winding a bobbin.

He counts the days
on himself, years against
us without any renewal
of the insurance.

He has expectations,
double standards, that fall
from the top of the stairs,
like a drunken slinky.



Bridge Jacquelynn Mays

Elegy to Joanna

laura brodie

It is Thursday, September 12th, 1996. I am lying on the examination table staring at the screen. The technician is pointing to organs that resemble blobs. All I want is to see her face in the fuzzy image. She confirms that it is a girl. Her name has been Joanna for weeks now. She finds her head and suddenly her little baby face comes into view – perfect eyes, nose and lips. I swell with wonder. She prints out her picture on shiny paper and hands it to me. The technician is looking at her body again and suddenly becomes very serious, a frown on her face. She spends a long time measuring bones. I stare at my picture; the tiny face is looking back at me. I am twenty-five years old and nineteen weeks pregnant with my first child. The technician abruptly leaves and returns with the doctor.

“There is something wrong with your baby and it doesn’t look good.” Words I can never forget. Clutching the image of her face, I have no breath inside. I cannot speak, which is good, as I fear I might even laugh. They must be wrong, of course, this only happens to other people; I am young and healthy. She tells me that they don’t know what it is yet. I will have to come back on Monday and meet with the geneticist. I am rushed out; the waiting room is filling up with glazy-eyed teenagers. It is a clinic for people without any insurance. I hurry home to the father of my child.

It is Monday, September 16th 1996. Beth-Ann is the geneticist. A short, stout, strange looking woman dripping in jovial Minnesota-Nice. I can’t stand her but I am polite and even smile back in a similarly strange manner, secretly hoping that she will have good news if I am nice. She talks in a melodic singsong voice, like we are at a church bake-sale. She has looked over the ultrasound report and tells me the fetus has one or more of three fatal conditions, all of which involve severe bone deformity and dwarfism. She says that the fetus also has water on the brain, twisted underdeveloped limbs and too-small a chest cavity. She suggests I terminate, that there is no hope or alternative. Gripping her smudged, ghostly image, I realize that my baby has become this faceless fetus so I mumble her name out loud. Joanna. I remember a line from Dr. Seuss “A person’s a person no matter how small.” Beth-Ann is using her name now and it sounds strange, almost obscene, coming out of her mouth. She jokes that Joanna is bald just like her daddy, that her legs are so bowed she could be a cowboy. I notice that Beth-Ann’s eyes are abnormally far apart and that she looks almost dwarf-like herself. I wonder if she has her own abnormal, genetic condition and maybe this is why

she is being an insensitive fucktard. I also wonder why I am the one with the insight and sensitivity here. I am too shocked and numb to express my horror, so I smile at her instead.

Soon after the discussion, I am on the examination table again. The specialist advises against birthing her naturally, saying it “takes too long” and that I best “get it over with.” I am too uninformed to disagree. Soon, they are inserting laminaria: perennial kelp used to dilate the cervix before performing an abortion. When a procedure is performed to end a pregnancy for medical or other reasons, they call it a therapeutic abortion. Shouldn’t therapeutic mean something good? Like a therapeutic massage? I am told to come back at 8 am the following morning and they send me home with one Valium. I am to take it when I first awake in order to “calm down” before my appointment.

Later that night I am in the bath. I look at my round, slippery belly and I sense that she can feel me. I stroke Joanna through my skin and think of her in her own warm water as I float in mine. She moves for the very first time and lets me know that she is there, weak, but still alive. We float together; mother and daughter, bonding in our last evening as one. I never feel her move again. I know I am going to be awake all night.

It is Tuesday, September 17th 1996. I arrive at 8 am. I am at Ramsey County Hospital’s abortion ward, with its fancy name of Surgical Specialties Clinic. I took the Valium an hour ago but I don’t feel calm. I glance at the other young women in the waiting area and feel out of place amongst the young single girls, most of them teenagers and minorities. I want to scream out that I am not here because I want to be, that Joanna is not a routine pro-choice abortion; that I really do want my baby but her little body is too twisted to live. Instead I say nothing. I am numb. Before long, I am on the operating table. The doctor and a team of masked nurses gape through my open legs. The doctor prattles on about pets and asks me if I have a dog. I do. I answer her other pet-related questions and hope she’ll shut the fuck up. I wonder what is wrong with everybody here. They tell me what they are about to do and they say the baby won’t feel a thing. I don’t believe them but I don’t know any other way.

They call it D&E, Dilation and Evacuation. The Right-To-Lifers have the most vivid description; my mind gobbles up their sickening details. They describe that the baby has to be cut into pieces and that sharpened forceps are inserted and used to twist and tear, until the body is completely removed. Then the skull is

typically crushed to get it all out. She is still inside me now. I see nothing but I hear everything. They poke at me, I hear water trickle out and then I very vividly hear the horrifying sound of tearing flesh. They start to pull my baby out of me in pieces. My almost five-month-old fetus girl. They reach in again and again to tear off tiny, twisted little body parts. Each piece lands in a metal dish lined with a single piece of tissue paper. For the rest of my life I will remember that sound: ri-ip, clunk! ri-ip clunk! I feel strong pressure and cramping, but I get no pain medication till long afterwards. I want to be unconscious, but nobody offers general anesthesia and I ask no questions. I feel scared and very, very young. The last of my baby is yanked out; they suck away what is left – the same sound as a dentist’s suction tool, vacuuming up the chunky bits. They keep me in recovery for half an hour. Later, I push out a blood clot the size of an orange. I pretend, for a moment, that it is Joanna’s head. Whole. I am then bustled out into the hall. Beth-Ann comes to me with a beaming smile.

“Everything went well,” she says. “No complications!” For whom, I wonder? I ask her what Joanna’s face looked like. I need to hear about her little baby face, captured so perfectly in my sweaty ultrasound print. Were her eyes closed? She responds that her face “didn’t make it.” Her face, ripped frozen in my mind. The face that didn’t make it. She sends me on my way with no information, no support and no counseling. When I get home another grizzly clot comes out of me and I hold it and kiss it in case it’s a little left-over piece of Joanna. Then I watch it flush away. Away. Away.

It is February 14th 1997. Five months later. Joanna’s due date. But there is no birth today, only the Valentine death of my misconceived baby. Her room sits empty and sad. My body finally knows that there is no baby and I am a mess. I was told that Joanna’s remains were to be sent to various institutions for testing. I am supposed to hear back within six months. I wait.

Four months later. I continue in my attempts to contact Beth-Ann for the results. I try for a year-and-a-half but she never returns any of my calls or messages. The clinic doctor advises me to “be patient,” that these things “take time.” So I give it time, but all the while I worry myself sick that they made a mistake, that Joanna could have lived. I wait and I wait and I wait.

1999. Three years later. After hiring medical-attorneys, my answer finally arrives. It turns out all the results were lost and misplaced between three separate research facilities. The attorneys hope that she had been a perfectly healthy baby so that they can win big. I can never win big with a mistake like that. We

eventually find out that Joanna really did have a lethal skeletal condition, just not any that Beth-Ann had named, and they drop me like a hot potato. Their letter states: “Our office has a policy of only pursuing those medical negligence actions which we feel have a high probability of achieving a substantial award, we do not feel that this case meets those criteria,” (Michenfelder, 2000).

I finally find out my baby had something, that I didn’t let them rip her from my aching womb for no reason. The relief is something I cannot describe. My baby had Short Rib Polydactyly Syndrome, Type I-III (SRPS). The medical dictionary describes it as a lethal category of bone growth disorders known as skeletal dysplasias or, more commonly, dwarfism. I never knew that most dwarfs die, their bodies mostly too broken to thrive. Joanna had short ribs, a bell-shaped torso, and twisted, fractured long bones. She might have even had an extra finger and toe. I find out that the possibility of two parents having this same SRPS mutant recessive gene is one-in-ten-million, after which the odds are one-in-four that the next pregnancy could be affected. One-in-ten-million, and we went and beat the odds. I consider lottery tickets.

Present time. Another grieving mother once told me that the mourning is over when you realize that you will mourn forever. I wonder at the pain Joanna might have felt had she been born, her rib cage shattering on her first breath of air. I think of how it would have been if I had held her, whole, dead or dying in my arms. I see her face in my dreams. I was deprived of the option of labor and delivery, but I meet others who were able to say goodbye this way and I long for that lost chance.

Someone at a group once suggested that the unborn baby would have more of an effect on our lives than any living person would. I cannot let that be true anymore. Joanna has two sisters now – beautiful and alive. Emily and Gabrielle, both healthy and strong. They beat the one-in-four chance. It is time to know and accept that while I may grieve forever, it is time to let her go. My Joanna. But still, I search the night sky for her. Heaven is supposed to be up there somewhere.

Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

(Shakespeare)



Prana

Amber Newman

Home

Mohamud Isaq

I've sinned.
I've wronged myself.
I've been led astray.
But every time I enter the Mosque,
Al-Masjid,
The house of *Allah*,
I feel something.
Something reviving me,
Energizing.
It is surreal.
I am at ease now,
As if I've wiped all my sins away.
Sins that were holding me down,
A burden,
Heavy on my shoulders.
But this is it!
This is my home.
This is the SPOT!
Where I find God.
Where I REPENT.
Where I get away,
To be free of sins and the darkness of
this world,
That is tempting and complex.

This is my home.
This is the SPOT!
Where I hear beautiful recitations.
Recitations of the *Qur'an*,
The holy book,
The final scripture sent by God to
mankind.
Low pitch,
High pitch.
Heart-warming, jaw-dropping
recitations by *Sheikhs*.
Making my ears hungry.
Hungry for more words,
The words of God.
This is my home.
This is the SPOT!
A spiritual home.
Where I prostrate to *The All-Mighty*.
Having my forehead, nose, both
hands, knees and toes all touching
the ground.
Al-Masjid, the mosque, I love thee,
for you're my home.
Where I feel safe, happy, tranquil
And at ease!

Mid-day Excursion

Debby Dathe

Backcountry
winding roads.
Golden autumn tones
lift up a melody.
Soulful hymns rise up
in the crisp air,
culminating in one last crescendo.
Hillsides explode in chorus.
Stained glass murals
resplendent in Autumn's palette.
Fingers of light reaching
through parting clouds,
stretching to shake hands with
a cathedral of quaking aspens.
Timber embracing the blue sky,
silent grace.
Harmony
in the falling foliage.
Maple canopied road
obscures what is drawing near.
Winter,
looming in the distance.

Yielding Developments

Wendy Stokes

This stretched turn of the road, flourishing
with saddled temper, thirsty
with his beer belly tough
and ruddy and plaid spurs becoming
dusty, tightening the wheat rope around
parched fields subdued in some places, an uneven
trickle of rose hedges mimic a mirage
beyond these gathering fireflies.

The Ties That Bind

laura brodie

“is he tied up good and tight?”
“oh yes,” she replies with syrup on her voice,
“good and tight, or he might bite.”
i walk around and view our work:
the bondage bed, tied up in red.
the genital stocks, the spreader bars,
the A-frame and the open scars.
sensory deprivation,
suspension cuffs. shackles and fetters
smooth and rough.
the human size cage
is soon to be near, if that jackass ever
ships my order here.
harnesses, chastity belts
and binders, oh my!
we can do anything to make your day go by.
powerful old men, rich at the bank,
want put in their place and will eagerly thank.
and beg, like they do.
and they do. they do.

boys in their twenties
who like to play mommy
who like to play daddy,
like to play getting hurt
like to play getting rough.
another little change from vanilla and stuff.
an interesting deviation in this shit storm called life,
the things we don't talk about, failure and strife.
our meat suits a slave to some deep-rooted dung.
you may remove the ball-gag now,
our appointment is done.

After She Left

Jamie Haddox

Now, he's a worm
wrapped in a leather jacket.
Oily jeans, threadbare
across the knees.
His teeth chatter, like a
dot matrix printer,
spattering out raw,
uninterrupted bits of
unintelligible data.
Fingerless grownup gloves cling to
spoons, lighters, and cash
contents cast aside.
Dreams are where the needle disappears,
under the skin.

Mother Earth Breathes

Lauren Silha

I. "Save me!" She begs for mercy!

From beneath the pavement:
a tickle.
The tough cracks in the cement.
Her fingertips poke my soles.

Her hands wrap with paper-thin vines
Catch me, as I stumble barefoot into her features.
"Please see me," my mother beckons. "Here I am."
She ebbs closer to me.

Hidden amongst a multitude of lanky grasses, I see the face of my mother, Earth.
Her eyelids part from the dust.
Her Soul of temperate light shoots past me into a puddle of
Her glittery tears.

Lake
Deep
Limitless
Waves lap against my ankle.
An emotional lullaby of transference soothes my being.
Her sorrow evaporates.

II. Time is now urgent. My mother is within the wind.
She pushes me.

Her hand is at the base of my neck.
I feel the might of her breath as it hums inside of my body.
"My Mother Earth lives within me." I whisper to the full night air.
My lungs expand with her oxygen; intoxicated.

III. "Quick. Dance with me," callas the woman; who spreads her limbs beneath the city.

I pick my feet up gently. I tap my toes. I dance as the momentum becomes a cycle;
An abstraction rotates around again and again. I realize, she sings to me.

IV. The earth quakes; she vibrates.

Her heart echoes psalms back up through rooted palms.
Explosive growth:
Wildflowers;
Twist, turn.
Roll, across the building

beside me.

Colors spread in physical sensations of
Fuchsia,
Indigo,
Lemon yellow,
Caterpillar green...
Enhance the contrast of the black sky.

V. Landforms, of earth; her body, a shelter.

Peace found. Tall uncut marsh grasses. Her hair surrounds me.
I dream of all creative forces.
I stand for this woman; alive beneath my feet; dirt between my toes.

(My mother was eighteen years old when she marched and played her kazoo at the first Earth Day Celebration in April, 1970.)



Little

Amber Newman



Kiddush: Blessings Overflow Aarah Aizman

He Ain't Heavy

Zach Jansen

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON -- MORNING

Cement walls surround the imposing structure. A door opens -- THREE CONVICTS emerge into freedom.

The youngest of the convicts, ADAM, mid-20s, baby-faced and easy-going, looks out of place with the other felons.

Across from the prison is RAY, late 20s, serious, dressed like he's headed to a funeral, leaning against a car. Adam marches toward him.

ADAM: Hey, Ray. You're here.

RAY: Who else would come?

ADAM: Still.

RAY: (flat) World's greatest brother, huh?

INT. CAR -- DAY

Silence, interrupted by the rhythmic WHUMP of windshield wipers.

Ray drives, his eyes steady on the road. Adam gazes at all they pass.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

Ray's car pulls up and Ray and Adam get out. Ray leads the way to the porch. Adam looks longingly at the house.

ADAM: Didn't think you'd be here. Lot of memories, you know? Why not sell it?

RAY: Only half mine. Thought you knew.

Ray unlocks the front door...

ADAM: No. I mean, You didn't write or-- ...and disappears inside.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ray and Adam eat dinner. Adam helps himself to seconds. Ray stares down at his plate.

ADAM: Thanks for taking care of my room.

Ray doesn't respond.

ADAM: What about you? You in your old room or did you move in--

RAY: I'm in my room.

The meal resumes in silence.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Adam steps down the hallway, running his hands on the walls. He stops at a closed door. Eases it open.

BEDROOM

Adam peeks in. Dust covers the bed, dresser, drapes...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Adam lies on the couch watching television. Ray walks past the set and out the front door, off to work.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Adam rummages the cupboards and fridge. Shakes food boxes, unhappy with the options. He scans the kitchen.

Something catches his attention -- a door. He goes to it and tries the knob. Locked.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ray and Adam eat dinner. Adam nods at the locked door.

ADAM: What with the garage?

RAY: What about it?

ADAM: It's locked.

RAY: I cleared it out. Years ago.

ADAM: Then why's it locked?

RAY: Probably broken.

ADAM: If you want, I can open it. A guy inside showed me--

RAY: I said I cleared it out.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Adam watches television. Ray enters, glowers at the scene.

RAY: You should look for a job.

ADAM: Just thought I'd take a few days. Relax a while.

RAY: Fill out some applications. Take a few days waiting for call-backs.

ADAM: I'll think about it. If I pick some up, could you help me with them?

Ray sighs and leaves. Adam stares at the television.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Looks like Adam hasn't moved all day. Ray comes in.

RAY: You even get up to piss?

No answer. Ray turns off the television.

ADAM: C'mon, man. I'll go tomorrow. Not like there aren't any jobs out there.

RAY: That's not the point.

ADAM: Then what is?

RAY: You being here.

ADAM: I just get home and this is how you treat me?

RAY: No, you just get out of prison and this is how I treat you. Look, I just want you gone.

ADAM: You know, this is a shit way to treat your brother.

Ray lunges at Adam -- snags him by the collar and heaves him into a wall.

RAY: How's that? Any better?

Adam's too shocked to respond. Ray quivers with adrenaline.

RAY: Just go get some goddamned applications.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Adam sits at the table, reading through applications. Ray prepares dinner.

ADAM: It's not good that I have five years of work experience missing, is it? I mean, it's not like I didn't work. I was in the laundry for a while. And a little in the mail room.

Adam stares at an application.

ADAM: It was an accident, you know? It's not like I raped or murdered anyone.

Nothing from Ray.

ADAM: You act like you've never made a mistake.

Ray slams a pan and storms out the room.

RAY: No one's ever died from my mistakes.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Adam stands outside Ray's bedroom door. He KNOCKS. No answer. KNOCKS again.

ADAM: Ray? I never meant... what happened. Believe me, if I could change it I would. I never meant--

The door opens -- Ray's stare pierces into Adam.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ray unlocks the door to the garage

GARAGE

Amongst the yard tools and bicycles rests a totaled sedan. The whole passenger side of the car is practically non-existent.

Adam stares at it, under a spell.

ADAM: Why would you...?

RAY: A reminder.

ADAM: You think I'm not reminded every day?

RAY: Memories aren't good enough. You can't change this.

Adam touches the car, apprehensively at first. Runs his hands along the damaged metal.

He opens the driver's door and settles in. He grasps the steering wheel -- hands at ten and two.

He fights the building emotions.

Ray reaches out to him -- but pulls back before making contact. He goes into the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Adam staggers in from the garage. On the table is an official-looking document and a small box with a note.

He grabs the note:

RAY: (V.O.) Adam. I knew this transition wouldn't be easy.

INT. RAY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Ray packs a suitcase.

RAY: (V.O.) I thought we could make it work, but every time I look at you I think of what could have been -- for you, for me...

He reaches for a picture from his bedside -- Mom and Dad, just married, ready to begin their new life together.

RAY: (V.O.)...for all of us.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Suitcase in hand, Ray surveys the room -- his face blank.

RAY: (V.O.) I can't see my brother anymore.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Ray exits the house.

RAY: (V.O.) And since this is my problem, I'm going to be the one who adjusts.

Ray gets in his car, tosses his case in the back. He starts the engine and drives away.

RAY: (V.O.) I hope you can forgive yourself, even if I can't. Ray.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT [PRESENT]

Adam holds tight to the note and opens the box: A photo of Ray and Adam, a few years younger, smiling with their arms around each other's shoulders.)

FADE OUT.



Sha-woman Heather Digolo

The Lunch Counter

Sarah Fjellanger

The lunch crowd was beginning to thin as she slid into the booth, its overstuffed bench seats sporting candy-red leather, cracked, and oozing cottony contents. From her vantage point, she could see the rotary door slowly spin, releasing puffs of air whenever it opened or closed. Sometime after she'd placed her order, a suit came shuffling in, the man inside slumped as with invisible weights, his hair a mass of dishevelment, his beard at least a week old, and his odor causing those who passed by to step aside.

He eased his way to the counter and carefully lowered himself onto the knee-high stool that matched the other well-worn milieu of the diner. She stared as he retrieved a watch from his coat pocket, one with a cracked face, than politely asked the waitress for a cup of Joe.

An old man was sitting by the other side of the half-moon counter, its surface displaying a patina-sheen where many elbows had rested. His smile, though missing a tooth, did not distract from the jovial disposition as he began a conversation with the stranger.

"You know, when I was sixteen, I fell from a wagon and broke my leg. Doc never did set it right, so I've always had a limp."

Cupping his hands around the mug of steaming coffee, the suit man stared down

into its blackness while the one-sided conversation continued. It was when the chatter ended and the sound of the old man's limp was added, that the lady finally lifted her eyes from her book and turned to watch the scene unfold. There, next to the suit, sat the old man, his eyes fixed on the stranger, his hand lying on the moth-eaten sleeve. Casually, turning back to the waitress, he said, "Cindy, my friend would like a beef commercial."

"One commercial coming up," she replied just as a tear meandered through the smudge on the stranger's cheek.

The Wanderer

Sarah Fjellanger

The day dawns as a bare-footed old man shuffles toward the lake. Around him, the forest air, bathed in the scent of pine, hosts the scold of blue jays, the scurry of squirrels, and the mournful cry of a loon. In the rucks of his disheveled mind, a memory escapes just as the surrounding dampness grasps his bones and a shiver erupts.

"I wish Alice was here. I think I've found some berries for her pies."

The sound of a door slapping against its frame, meshes with a voice encrusted in fear and the threat of escaping tears.

"Henry! Henry, where are you? Oh, dear God, help me find him."

The old woman carefully searches for a firm surface. Speed has become a thing of the past; prayer and cunning are all she has now. It's been fifty years since they first came to these woods to raise their son. He's a grown man now, a lawyer with a busy life, and she hates to bother him with their burdens.

Again, her voice parts the air. *"Henry. Henry..."*

The old man pushes aside the tall, dew-laden grass, as the flannel pajamas he wore when leaving the house begin to mold themselves around his stick-shaped legs. A charlie-horse sets in, and he stops to stretch the muscle. In the distance, a faint

voice fights to be heard, while all around him branches pulsate in the treetops, and his mind struggles for reality. A shadow appears, then fades into the thick underbrush as shades of brown mingle with a flash of white and the creature transforms itself into another organ of the living forest.

"Who's there?"

Fear grabs at Henry's heart. He holds his chest and staggers on, following the tree line though its familiarity is lost to him.

"Oh, my feet hurt so. Why isn't Alice here? Alice, where are you?" he murmurs.

It's Alice who first spies him limping down the path, oblivious to her presence. She remembers having loved him at first sight. His smile filled the room that day; his quick wit became a magnet for her shyness. She'd not known many men who cared for an education. Henry was different. He'd grabbed onto every word within the covers of the classics, but in the end, had used carpentry as his trade. It was for their son that he wanted more, choices only an education could bring, and for that he'd worked all their married life. Now, as the gap narrowed between them, she loved him still, though most of the time he failed to recognize her.

"I bet you're cold," she softly uttered. *"Here, put this on. You'll feel better."*

She reaches for the robe hung across

the bar of her walker and places it on his shoulders. From the pockets of her oversized sweater she retrieves the slippers she'd given him last Christmas.

"What's your name, ma'am? I don't believe we've met before. I'm...well..."

"I'm Alice," she interjects as if the question had never before been posed.

Henry stares into the face before him, searching for a piece of the broken puzzle inside his head.

"Really? You're Alice?"

As they turn and walk toward the house, his nonsensical ramble continues while Alice guides around the ruts on the well-worn path. This man, her Henry, has become a stranger, a wanderer in a land she cannot enter.

Autobiography

Debby Dathe

Stiff spine, dusty jacket.
Forgotten and placed on a shelf. Tattered binding clings to stories aching to be told. Narrative exposed by the furrow of his brow. Crumbling visage belies the tender sentiment of a life well lived. Parchment skin torn and creased with age. The worn pages of a favorite book, reread with fervor every year. His grizzled countenance reveals untold exploits and adventures. Nostalgic recollections chronicled in the deep crevasses and contours. Faint memories like ink faded from the scroll become clearer upon careful scrutiny. Old memories long forgotten come to life in laughing eyes. Rough twisted hands still grasping imaginary tools, reaching out for affection. Searching for a companion to share this journey. Welcoming you into the story. Into his life.

The Witching Hour

Ben Guindon

In the darkest of night, past the witching hour
Long I've waited for my dreadful sleep.
A time I cannot escape, a time to cower
For when the darkness comes, my fear will reap.

My dreams are filled with times forgotten,
These faded memories will fester, rotten.
Taken away; I breathe in the coldest night,
I seek solace in the dark, to be answered with fright.

I cannot find peace in my subconscious mind,
There is nowhere to hide, the fear is seeping,
My body trembles from hands of ice that bind,
Skin is crawling, walls are weeping.
Hands are clenched, the body's drenched.

A breath along my neck leaves me shaken.
My withered sanity begs for release,
From its weary torment, it yearns for peace.
In this bitter darkness, I am forsaken.

I scream for mercy, this bleak twilight is my bane.
Silent and alone, my cries are in vain.

In the darkest of night, past the witching hour.
A time I cannot escape, a time to cower.
Darkness is all I am permitted to see.
The void I gaze into, gazes deeper into me.



Dawn from the Peak of Kilimanjaro Jennifer Yaucher



Just Horsin' Around Stephanie Grill

An Unexpected Savior

Clara Waddell

Wave after wave crashes against the glacial, snow-covered shore. It's mid-January and the lake refuses to yield to the frigid temperatures of winter. The hypnotic body of water stretches for miles outside my floor to ceiling window, and I lean back in my chair and take in the sight.

An ore freighter coasts the shoreline, and cuts against the hypothermic water. Grey clouds roll overhead as the first hint of sun touches the horizon. A white blanket, warm and simple, is wrapped around my legs. I clutch the cloth against my fragile frame as a few snowflakes drop from the sky.

The machine next to me beeps and knocks me out of my reverie. The veins in my arm scream as the IV injects the last segment of poison into my body. A metallic taste creeps up the back of my throat, and I wipe a stray tear from the corner of my eye.

A nurse in blue scrubs holds my hand and gives it a gentle squeeze. She wheels me into the next room and places a shower cap on my head. My feet are wrapped in thick socks and a series of medications are injected into my IV.

I look about the room as the medicine kicks in. My head spins and rolls from the liquid gold burning in my arm. Six other patients line the looming, pale room. They are quiet and still as stones. We watch the formidable doorway ahead and wait for our uncertain fate.

A seventh bed is wheeled in and put next to mine. The patient is a handsome teenager, with sandy blonde hair and a crooked smile. His pudgy face is flushed and he sits awkwardly on his bed, with pillows tucked around

his waist and legs.

He wipes his brow and turns to me.

"What you in for?" he asks.

I raise my eyebrows in question. He motions to the hospital surroundings.

"Oh. Cancer." I say.

"Damn. Well, that's a drag."

He fiddles his thumbs and pokes at the IV in his hand.

"What about you?" I ask.

"I broke my ass."

All eyes turn to him. He smiles and waves to everyone in the room.

"Yep. Me. I said it. Broke my ass snowmobiling. Ran into a tree. Fucker came out of nowhere."

The nurse approaches us with a smile. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

"There's no need to shout, Hun." She says with a smile.

"Oh, I know. But whatever this stuff is...it's just fantastic and I don't know about all of you, but I'm glad I broke my ass." He grabs his IV and smiles at it gleefully.

The nurse nods.

"You don't say."

As I'm wheeled in for surgery, I can't help but watch his beaming face as I go. He waves and gives me a thumbs-up before wincing at a pain in his rear. When the anesthesia kicks in, and I doze into oblivion, I can't help but smile and realize that for the first time in a long time, I have hope.

WENDY STOKES has been hoping to graduate in both Writing and Social Studies Teaching for the past couple of years and finally sees next summer's degrees in sight.

LAURA BRODIE is the mother of two amazing daughters. Laura was born in Scotland and was raised in South Africa during the Apartheid era. She then lived in Paris, studied public relations and communication, lived in Italy, then moved to Minnesota to start a family. Laura worked in "corporate America" for years and happily gave this up in 2012 to go back to school and study her passion, which is writing. Currently, she is working on a Bachelor's degree in Creative Writing, with a minor in Acting and Screenplay Writing. Laura writes poetry, memoirs and occasional stand-up comedy.

LAUREN SILHA is a part time student, presently with a major in Pre-Individualized studies. Her career goal is art therapy and she enjoys creative writing, painting and drawing.

CLARA WADDELL is a Minnesota native and advocate of the arts. She will graduate in the spring of 2015 with majors in Screenwriting and English, and a minor in Creative Writing. She lives in Minneapolis, MN.

JAMIE HADDOX is a Creative Writing major. She earned her Associate Degree with Emphasis in Creative Writing from Anoka Ramsey Community College. She enjoys all writing but is focused on poetry. Jamie is a hockey mom, and also works full time.

BEN GUINDON is currently enrolled in Nature Writing and Women's Lit. Ben is a student and full time worker at odd jobs and paralegal projects. His after work activities include running, writing, listening to EDM music and video games. He has volunteered for domestic abuse shelters to soup kitchens and even editing papers for the United Nations. Working towards a solid resume for the Peace Corp is what drives him to work on odd jobs with or without pay for the right kinds of experience for his dream job. Writing poetry helps keep him sane with his over-clocking workload.

The Witching Hour is written about a rare condition that Ben has called sleep paralysis. The symptoms of this are having nightmares that startle the mind to wake up before it has a chance to wake up the rest of the body. It causes you to sit in darkness with your eyes and mind wide awake while you cannot move a muscle in response. There is no greater terror than waking up to such an incident for him.

SARAH FJELLANGER is an undergraduate student working toward a degree in creative writing. A "late bloomer," as she calls herself, Sarah gravitates toward stories surrounding the aged and/or snippets of history.

DEBBY DATHE is (hopefully in her last year of) pursuing a degree in Gerontology with a minor in Creative Writing. She is a secretary and a Wilton cake decorating instructor. She also loves photography and road trips.

MYK DILLON is a creative writing student. He is the current VP of the student run organization Writer's Think Tank and incoming President. Myk started writing at the age of 12 and has since been pushing towards becoming a professor and published author. Myk is entering his final year of his BA at Metropolitan State and will be perusing his MFA in the same discipline. His work ranges from creative writing (Fantasy, Drama, Horror Etc.) to poetry and sports articles, book and movie reviews. Myk is working on a novel which he hopes to finish by Fall of 2016.

AARAH AIZMAN has the degree focus of "Therapeutic Art in a Community Setting." She is dedicated to community development and using art as a means of empowerment. Aarah serves on the board of directors for the Jewish Family and Children's Service and is an advisor on the Jewish Domestic Abuse Council. She does art workshops at a high school and for various women's retreats. Aarah's favorite work is with teens at risk and witnessing how art making experiences along with peers cultivates trust and enriches relationships. Her goal is to foster authentic creativity by creating a safe environment that drives meaningful conversations using art as a metaphor in understanding life. She is passionate about medium exploration and the wisdom mined through respecting the temperament of each medium - its vulnerabilities, limitations and strengths. Through this, students become more adept in understanding emotional and spiritual processes - and discover personal empowerment.

AMBER NEWMAN is a Professional Writing student who fancies capturing juxtapositions and truths in nature. She revisits them through photographs (thanks, iPhone) but even more so studies them in her writing, though creative nonfiction is a broader genre she works in. In her dreams, she works for The National Geographic, or Vogue, where she's moved the magazine away from glamorizing only skinny white girls.

JACQUELYNN MAYS is a senior and will be getting her Individualized Degree in Hospitality Event Management this coming May. Jacque loves planning events, and taking pictures of newborns, her daughter, and nature (especially in Fall). In her free time she loves spending time with her family, trying out new restaurants, and watching movies.

STEPHANIE GRILL says "Just Horsin' Around was taken when my friend and I went horseback riding for her birthday. We were able to explore the ranch and visit with all the other beautiful horses. This guy was quite okay with us hanging out!"

JENNIFER YAUCHER has always had an interest in taking pictures, but took her first photography class last semester and absolutely loved it! She is always looking for a new adventure to pursue. About her Dawn from the Peak of Kilimanjaro she says: "My dad and I traveled to northern Tanzania to climb the highest Mountain in Africa reaching 19,341 feet in height. It was the hardest thing I have ever done but it was completely worth it. The view is always better from the top of the mountain! Waking up in the middle of the night, so we could reach the top of the mountain by sunrise was something spectacular!"

MANDY CASSLER says: "Vertigo was taken on a trip to Cancun, Mexico in 2009. I've always been fascinated by the vertigo-inducing perspective from our hotel room looking down."

HEATHER DIGOLO is an artist/musician that is creating her own B.A. in Creative Healing in Human Development through the College of Individualized Studies program. The cornerstones of her degree are healing through art/music/writing and animal guided therapy. Heather is working on developing her own program for youth and plans on opening in fall of 2015 to serve at risk middle and adolescent youth. Sha-Woman is an original in acrylic painted on 10/05/2014. She represents the wisdom of all humanity while in wait for intuitive knowledge to lead our paths.

STEPHANIE SMITH is a senior and is fascinated by poetic self-consciousness.

MOHAMUD ISAQ, pronounced as Mah-mood, is from the city of Woodbury. He graduated from Harding High School in 2013, and now he is a full-time student, pursuing a degree in Education-Social Studies. He plans on teaching high school students in an urban environment, preferably Minneapolis or Baltimore. He enjoys soccer, reading, and is a nature-lover.

JIM VILENDRER is a senior majoring in English; some of his favorite authors are Chaucer and Michio Kaku. He wrote 3:35 a.m. at a sad time for his family, hoping that writing it could help.

ZACH JANSEN graduated with a Screenwriting B.A. in December 2013, so this, sadly, is likely his final appearance in 'Haute Dish.' He's happy to have had many pieces published in this periodical, but is also excited to move on to future endeavors.

Haute Dish is published three times a year and is dedicated to showcasing the literary and artistic talent of the students of Metropolitan State University in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

We are now accepting submissions from students, staff, faculty and alumni for our all B/W Summer 2015 issue. The deadline for submissions is midnight on April 5, 2015.

To view detailed submission guidelines and for more information about our selection process, visit us at www.hautedish.metrostate.edu

For other questions, email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu